

PHILADELPHIA



REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

AS the writings and character of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, have been of late several times adverted to in your Repository, I hope I shall not offend by offering a few thoughts on the subject. The first notice that was taken of Rousseau in your paper, was in a note to the story of Old Nick,* where his character is placed in a very disadvantageous point of view. Shortly after this a writer under the signature of E† attempts to defend his character from the aspersions said to be cast upon it in the note above referred to. The defence is contained in a quotation from Mackintosh, the author of *Vindice Gallica*; the point of which, if it has any, appears to consist in the following sentence:—"The Scottish philosopher [Hume] insensible to the enthusiasm, and little susceptible of those depressions and elevations, those agonies and raptures, so familiar to the warm and wayward heart of Rousseau, neither knew the sport to which he could be excited by gaiety, nor the ardour into which he could be exalted by passion." This, reader, is the defence offered of the conduct and principles of Rousseau, by one of his professed admirers! a man of literature! a defender of the doctrine of the NEW SCHOOL!—And what does it amount to?—In the first place, it implies, that Rousseau was a man of *enthusiastic feelings*; deducible from the assertion, that Hume was "insensible to" the same "enthusiasm." Secondly, that he was

a man of strong passions,—of passions not under the control of right reason; not only implied, but plainly asserted in the expressions—"and little susceptible of those depressions and elevations, those AGONIES and RAPTURES," &c. Thirdly, that he was naturally of a warm constitution, and of a froward, peevish disposition—"familiar to the warm and wayward heart of Rousseau." And lastly, that he was frequently "EXALTED BY PASSION!" and in his moments of "gaiety," scarcely placed any bounds to his "SPORT!".....The reader will judge of the justness of this analysis of an eulogy pronounced on Rousseau by one of his professed admirers, and then decide respecting the correctness of his principles, the propriety of his conduct, and his exalted character.—IF THESE ARE THE KISSES OF A FRIEND, WHAT MUST BE THE WOUNDS OF AN ENEMY!

*Amicus** next comes forward, if not altogether to justify, at least to palliate the writings of this celebrated author; and to recommend to young ladies his "tender," his "feeling strokes." It is true he does not do this in so many words, but his reasoning amounts to the same thing. *Amicus*, however appears to have been led into this error, by a desire to exonerate his friend J. D—s;† as is evident from the manner in which he endeavours to qualify his remarks, and the doubt with which he expresses himself respecting the moral tendency of Rousseau's writings: But he is absolutely inexcusable for classing the "moral beauties of a FENELON" with the "tender strokes of Rousseau." There is much more impropriety

* Page 291.—2.

† I have the charity to believe, that the Rev. J. D—s did not so much mean to praise Rousseau, in the obnoxious line,—And Rousseau's tender strokes she dearly lov'd,—as to shew the deceased young lady's sensibility.

in coupling these two authors, as moral writers, than there is in citing, for authority, the celebrated hero of the *Dunciad* in the same page with the admired Thompson!

I shall, Mr. Hogan, conclude these observations, by enclosing an article, copied from the *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*, published some years ago; whether it has appeared before in any American print, or not, is a matter of indifference. Its publication in your Repository, will certainly be very proper at this time, when attempts are made to extenuate the faults, and exonerate the character of one whose writings are calculated to sap the foundations of moral rectitude in the female breast. Tho' appearing in the form of a satire, it exhibits a correct view of the subject—and renders unnecessary any further remarks from

A FRIEND TO MORALITY.

To the Publisher of the *Edinburgh Weekly Magazine*.

Sir,

IN no point has our boasted liberty made a more rapid progress towards licentiousness, than in the freedom of the press. It has been remarked by a certain author, that a bad book ought as much to be guarded against as a bad companion."—There certainly is nothing more true, and yet the most dangerous books are daily published uncensored; and a mean, ignorant, mercenary, or unprincipled bookseller may spread poison every day, more detrimental than arsenic. Some books, like men, acquire reputation by some brilliant points they may possess, while the general tendency, or general character, is never investigated.

In no instance is this more remarkable than in the writings of the celebrated madman, Rousseau. The annals of literature never exhibited to the world a more paradoxical, whimsical, ingenious, eloquent, weak, and dangerous author.

* See Repository, p. 147. Vol. II. † Ibid. p. 131.

This author's works have been much read, while few have examined the truth of his pictures, or analysed the consistency or tendency of his doctrines. In the preface to his novel, he says, "Chaste girls never read romances; and the girl who reads a single page of this is undone."

Yet no books are more called for at circulating libraries than romances, and none more than this. With such sentiments he gives his book to the world, and then presumes to write another upon education.

The following fragment, said to be found among some old MSS. it is believed, will convey, in a strong light, what is above said of his writings, and may, perhaps, lead some people to think when they read. I am, &c.

CATO.

A Prophecy found in an old Manuscript.

A SATIRE ON ROUSSEAU.

IN those days a strange person shall appear in France, coming from the borders of a lake, and he shall cry to the people, Behold I am possessed by the demon of enthusiasm; I am a philosopher, a professor of paradoxes.

And a multitude shall follow him, and many shall believe in him.

And he shall say to them, you are all knaves and fools; and your wives and daughters are debauched; and I will come and live among you.—And he shall abuse the natural gentleness of the people by his foul speeches.

And he shall cry aloud, "All men are virtuous in the country where I was born; but I will not live in the country where I was born."

And he shall maintain, that arts and sciences necessarily corrupt the manners; and he shall write upon all arts and sciences.

And he shall declare the theatre a source of prostitution and corruption, and he shall write operas and comedies.

And he shall say to men, cast away your fine garments and go naked, and he himself shall wear faced cloaths when they are given him.

And he shall say to the great, "they are more despicable than their fortunes;" but he shall frequent their houses, and they shall behold him as a curious animal brought from a strange land.

And his occupation shall be to copy French music, and he shall say there is no French music.

And he shall declare romances destructive to morality, and he shall write a romance, and in his romance the words shall be virtuous, and the morals wicked; and

his characters shall be outrageous lovers and philosophers.

And he shall get drunk with an English Lord, who shall insult him; and he shall propose to fight with the English Lord; and his mistress, who has lost the honour of her own sex, shall decide upon that of men; and she shall teach him, who taught her every thing, that he ought not to fight.

And he shall receive a pension from the Lord, and shall go to Paris, where he shall not frequent the society of well-bred and sensible people, but of flirts and petit-maitres, and he shall believe he has seen Paris.

And he shall write to his mistress that the women are grenadiers, go naked, and refuse nothing to any man they chance to meet.

And when the same women shall receive him at their country-houses, and amuse themselves with his vanity, he shall say they are prodigies of reason and virtue.

And he shall receive his mistress's picture, and his imagination shall kindle at the sight; and his mistress shall give him obscene lessons on solitary chastity.

And his mistress shall marry the first man that arrives from the world's end, and, notwithstanding all her craft, she shall imagine no means to break off the match; and shall pass intrepidly from her lover's to her husband's arms.

And the philosophic lover shall resolve to kill himself.

And he shall write a long dissertation, to prove that a man ought to kill himself when he has lost his mistress; and his friend shall prove the thing not worth the trouble; and the philosopher shall not kill himself.

And he shall make the tour of the globe, to give his mistress's children time to grow, that he may return to be their preceptor, and teach them virtue, as he taught their mother.

And the philosopher shall see nothing in his tour round the globe.

And he shall return to Europe.

And he shall call all this virtue and philosophy.

And while he talks of virtue and philosophy, no one shall be able to comprehend what is either virtue or philosophy.

And he shall prove virtue no longer to consist in the fear and slight of temptation, but in the pleasure of being continually exposed to it; and philosophy shall be the art of making vice amiable.

And the whole romance shall be useful, good and moral; for it shall prove that daughters have a right to dispose of their hearts, hands, and favours, without consult-

ing parents, or regarding the inequality of conditions.

And it shall show that, while you talk of virtue, it is useless to practise it.

And this book shall be written in an emphatic style, which shall impose upon simple people.

And the author shall abound in words, and shall suppose he abounds in arguments.

And he shall heap one exaggeration upon another, and he shall have no exceptions.

And he shall wish to be forcible; and he shall be extravagant; and he shall always industriously draw general conclusions from particular cases.

And he shall neither know simplicity, truth or nature; and he shall apply all his force to explain the easiest or most trifling things; and sarcasm shall be thought reason, and his talent shall caricature virtue, and overthrow good sense; and he shall gaze upon the phantoms of his brain, and his eyes shall never see reality.

And, like empirics, who make wounds to show the power of their specifics, he shall poison souls, that he may have the glory of curing them; and the poison shall act violently on the mind and on the heart; but the antidote shall act on the mind only, and the poison shall prevail.

And he shall vaunt that he has dug a pit, and think himself free from reproach, by saying, "woe be to the young girls that fall into my pit; I have warned them of it in my preface."—And young girls never read prefaces.

And when, in his romance, he shall have mutually degraded philosophy by manners, and manners by philosophy, he shall say, a corrupt people must have romances.

And he shall also say, a corrupt people must have rogues.

And he shall leave the world to draw the conclusion.

And he shall add, to justify himself for having written a book where vice predominates, that he lived in an age when it is impossible to be good.

And, to excuse himself, he shall calumniate all mankind.

And shall threaten to despise all those who do not believe in his book.

And virtuous people shall consider his folly with an eye of pity.

And he shall no longer be called a philosopher, but the most eloquent of all the sophists.

And they shall wonder how a pure mind could conceive such an impure book.

And those who believed in him shall believe in him no more.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

REVOLUTIONS OF LIFE.

A Fragment.

Indigence and Obscurity are the parents of Vigilance and Economy.—Vigilance and Economy of Riches and Honor.—Riches and Honour of Pride and Luxury.—Pride and Luxury of Impurity and Idleness.—Impurity and Idleness of Indigence and Obscurity.—Such are the revolutions of Life!

WHEN St. Clair's army was routed on the memorable 4th of Novemb. a subaltern, who was pursued by three Indians, fled with the utmost precipitation; directing his course towards an eminence at a considerable distance.

The moment he had passed the summit of the hill, he fell down perfectly exhausted, and resigned himself to the fate, which seemed inevitable. He had lain here but a few moments before he was overtaken by the Indians, who imagining he had descended from the hill, kept their eyes fixed at a distance, and passed within two yards, without discovering him. Astonished at this signal delivery, he arose as soon as the Indians were out of sight, returned by the same route he came, and never saw them again. For many days he subsisted upon acorns, and after a series of difficulties, arrived at Fort Jefferson.

Capt. HUBBELL, who lately arrived at New-York, in the ship Enterprize, in 140 days from Canton, has been gone nearly two years and a half. His route was round Cape Horne, up the Pacific Ocean, upon the North-West coast, and thence to Canton. He has brought home with him one of the natives of the Sandwich Islands, where Capt. Cook was killed, who is now at school in Bridgport, where capt. Hubbell resides. He is said to be a likely and ingenious lad, about 12 years of age, of an olive complexion, with black straight hair. Capt. H. informs, that the natives of those islands are making great improvements from what they were in Capt. Cook's day, by the help of some white mechanics settled among them.—The native who killed Capt. Cook was yet living, and was pointed out to Capt. Hubbell.

The Sovereign Pontiff of the Catholic Church has pronounced Buonaparte the greatest man that ever existed, excepting the SAVIOUR of the World!!

NAIMBANNA, an African, who a few years ago was sent to England for instruction, on a certain occasion made use of these words—"When I saw that all good men read and valued the scriptures, and all bad men opposed them, I was sure they must be, what they were said to be—*The word of God.*"

IN the days of yore, and even less than two centuries ago, it was not uncommon for the ladies of British noblemen to give as much attention to domestic affairs as farmers' wives do now.—It happened, in those times of industry and economy, that, Sir Walter Raleigh, lodging at the house of a noble Lord, overheard the lady, before he was up in the morning, demanding of the maid, whether she had fed the pigs. After Sir Walter had risen from bed, and while breakfast was preparing, he facetiously asked the lady whether the pigs had been fed.—"Yes," she retorted, with a significant look "the pigs have all had their breakfast, excepting one *strange* pig that we have but very lately had in keeping."

A SPLENETIC blacksmith, that fancied himself sick, would frequently teize a neighbouring physician to give him relief; the physician knowing him to be in perfect health, yet, not willing to offend him, told him he must be careful in his diet, and not eat any thing that was *heavy* and *windy*. The blacksmith went off satisfied—but on casting in his mind what food was heavy and windy, and being ignorant, back he posts to the Doctor, who being quite out of patience with his *patient*, said, "don't you know what things are heavy and what are windy?"—"No," answered the blacksmith—"why then I will tell you," said the Dr. "there's your *anvil* is heavy and your *bellows* are windy—do not eat either and you'll do well enough."

EVIL TENDENCY OF NOVELS.

THE following story, extracted from a French paper, is a new proof of the fatal effect of those modern romances, which seem intended to break down every check of reason and principle, and give new strength to the violence of unbridled feeling and passion. ROGERS, a young officer of artillery, in the French service, had conceived a violent attachment to a young lady whose parents did not approve of his addresses. A novel, entitled, *The Unfortunate Lovers*, happened to fall into his hands; he found a resemblance in it to his own story, and the fatal catastrophe made an im-

pression on his mind that hurried him on to despair. For some days he continued to read over the novel repeatedly; sometimes he threw it aside; and, at last, in a paroxysm of anguish he committed it to the flames. But his feelings were too much agitated to be restored to tranquillity. He ran wildly about the streets, distributing his money among the poor people he met, entreating them to pray that he might die. At last, unable to support his despair any longer, he applied a pistol to his mouth, and put an end to his existence.

A few days ago, as Mr. William Weldon, of Warren Co. (N.Y.) was walking near a branch, he perceived a hern seized by a turtle. He hastened to relieve the hern; but on approaching her, she darted her bill into the socket of his eye, and holding by the ball, suspended herself and the turtle for some time; by which he has lost the sight of that eye. [Mas. Spy.]

At the late sale of Gen. Washington's stock, the following prices were given:

	dolls.
The large Imported Bull sold for	334
The 2d size	115
2 Cows for	205
Imported ram	38
Sheep	13 dls. each

IN the country of Greenville. (S. C.) there is a couple by the name of *Easily*, still living, who since their union in wedlock have had had thirty-two children! the most of them, however, died young.

The General in his proper place.

WHEN general Bernadotte was in the camp at Dijon, a person asked him if it was true that his health would not allow him to follow the army? "What do you call *following* the army?" replied the general. "I never *followed* the army; I always *marched* at the head of it!"

ORIGINAL CHARADE

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

My *first* is, what all lawyers will agree
The very object that precedes their fee;
My *second* is what men use to express
Things beyond any doubt or any guess:
My *whole* is as the idol of the soul
Of ev'ry one, which nothing can control.

RELAXATION.

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 5.

*Say, should the philanthropic mind disdain
That good which makes each humble bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can;
These little things are great to little man:
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.*

GOLDSMITH.

THOUGH an avowed Cynic, and wishing to preserve my sentiments of misanthropy, as far as they respect many, too many of mankind, when I take a tour through the country, and see the manners of the inhabitants, untainted by the example of the town,* I feel rejoiced that there are some of my fellow-creatures who are happy, and know how to justly appreciate that happiness. The more distant you leave the city behind, the nearer you approach the residence of innocence and contentment. The rural pleasures which are equally shared by the wealthy farmer or his laborious tenant, are more pleasing, with all their simplicity, than the gaudy senseless entertainments furnished in the city at a vast expence. Here the concourse of all ages, and both sexes, who are attracted by the wish to display themselves, their persons, or their fashionable accomplishments, is productive of no rational amusement. Each belle comes to astonish, not to please; to be admired, not beloved. Empty compliment or unmeaning talk, here supplies the place of unaffected welcome or rational conversation. Here in the capital, in the midst of splendour and profusion, dissimulation pervades all ranks; while in the humble cottage of the peasant, or under the uncontaminated roof of the farmer, the only language understood is the language of sincerity, expressed with frankness and dictated by the heart.

Some short time since, fatigued with the dull uniformity of city-pleasures, I made an excursion into the country. The luxuriant beauties of unconfined nature were to me always more pleasing than the polished imitations of art. Disengaged from the trammels of business, the mind has un-

* The admired Cowper, who wrote in a country where the manners of the city had a still greater influence on the adjacent inhabitants, their purity, and morals, observes,

"The town has ring'd the country. And the stain
Appears a spot upon the west's robe,
The worse for what it will."

TASK.

limited space to exercise itself; fancy may soar uncontrolled through the regions of immensity, and roam at will through the boundless range of objects that present themselves to the view. I sought the hospital mansion in which I had found a pleasing retirement, when the avenging breath of Pestilence desolated the streets of this metropolis, and was received with that welcome which proceeds from the heart, and which the sons of nature and simplicity give without affectation. It was evening, and a daughter of my host had been married in the course of the day to a young farmer in the vicinity. Joy was visible on every face, and while the young people amused themselves with dancing under the trees, and in a variety of rural pastimes, the old looked on with delight, and participated in their pleasures. A musician had been procured, to whose blythsome measures they beat the ground with artless glee, while their utmost wishes were gratified in the merriment that prevailed. Were then these pleasures deserving the contempt of the haughty man of learning?—Would it be considered a proof of wisdom to despise "That good which makes each humble bosom vain?"—Let the speculatist on the human mind furnish the solution.—All around me was pleasure, innocent virtuous pleasure. The countenance of the youthful pair glowed with rapture, while the eye of paternal affection beamed gratitude for the happiness they beheld diffused around them. Could the philanthropist view a scene like this, and not feel his heart expand with pleasure?—Could the man of the world look on, and not forget his cares?—or the Deist, without feeling his breast inspired with sentiments of devotion to the GIVER of every good and perfect gift, who thus bounteously regarded the most humble of his creatures? Cynic as I was, my eye involuntarily paid the tribute of sensibility to rustic happiness, and the rustic virtue that deserved it. To partake in the luxury of such a scene, the pedant would renounce his scholastic acquirements, and "school-taught pride," and acknowledge how fallacious are the pursuits of superfluous knowledge, when the husbandman, unacquainted with the sublime maxims of philosophy, enjoys that unalloyed happiness, the consequence of the practice of virtue. For my own part I plunged into the hilarity that prevailed, and in the participation of the pleasures that surrounded me, forgot my detestation of the vices of society, and my own disappointments; and had I resided long in this habitation of Content, I should

have lost every trace of the morbid hue of misanthropy that tinged my sentiments before I visited it.

This scene is not drawn from fancy,—it is no imaginary Arcadia; but the genuine offspring of reality. Let those who place all their delight in the works of art, and the pursuit of visionary bliss, leave them for a moment, and make an excursion, though ever so transitory, into the country. The observations they will be enabled to make, even from a superficial view, will place the infinite superiority of nature over the aspiring imitations of frail humanity, in so strong a light, that they must feel themselves humbled before the CREATOR of the world. Whether they contemplate those stupendous objects that strike the mind with terror at their magnitude, awe of their sublimity, or admiration of their grandeur, or view with more pleasurable sensations the variegated beauties of the landscape, the "winged thought," by a natural and easy gradation, soars above the surrounding prospect, to the Throne of OMNIPOTENCE; where, heightening and combining the beauties of the creation in himself, sits the animating SOUL of the Universe.

The sports of the youthful companions continued long after the wearied limbs of their happy parents sought, in repose, a recruit to their exhausted strength; and the midnight hour saw them still enjoying themselves beneath the wide spreading foliage of the oak,—their tapers the beams of the full moon sailing through a cloudless sky, their carpet the flower-adorned bosom of Nature. May the city, in whose rank soil the weeds of vicious habits flourish with vigour, while the beautiful plants of virtue disclose their pale sickly hue in sad contrast with the broad unshrinking blossoms of immortality, be, with respect to manners, totally insulated from the country. The contagion of vice spreads but slowly in an air so pure. May its progress be impeded, or rather meet with insurmountable obstructions and a speedy termination. Whoever has taken a comparative estimate of the advantages and disadvantages attendant on a city and country life, if they are divested of that false prejudice which the splendid attractions of apparent pleasure are too apt to inspire, must allow, that the tranquil joys and honest satisfaction of a rural life, are infinitely preferable to gaudy discontent and magnificent wretchedness. Man was not born to be a solitary creature, neither was he endowed with the powers of intellect to employ them in aiding him in the pursuit of the fleeting phan-

om—imaginary happiness, or to sacrifice his best days at the shrine of Avarice or Ambition. He is but erecting a splendid prison, in which all his hopes of happiness here will be confined, and though he gild the bars with his own hands, it will not render his imprisonment less dreary, or his existence more supportable.

W.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN perusing your last number of the Repository, I perceive a correspondent, under the head of *The Transient Observer*, and signature of *Senex*, prefers a complaint, with which I can by no means coincide. The motto he has taken, if he had finished it, would have been very inappropriate for his subject; for which reason he has chosen to give us but one half of it. If it had been complete it would have read thus:—

“Give unto children the things that are suited to children; and to men the things that are suited to men.”

If the sentence had been thus complete, *Senex* would have found that the Repository so exactly answers to this motto, that he must have been a *Transient Observer* indeed, if he had not detected himself. But, as it is, *Senex* sufficiently proves himself a *Transient Observer*: for if he had ever observed the obligations the editor has laid himself under to the public, in the Prospectus to the second volume of the Repository, he would have found his engagement is, to suit (as far as he can, consistent with honor, innocence and propriety) every description of readers, and that the articles *Senex* objects to with so much grey-headed gravity, are expressly stipulated as forming a part of his plan.*

By this *Senex* will find, that whatever his ideas or expectations of “a literary miscellany” may be, the editor is exculpated; although the “selections and original communications should” not be entirely “void of all puerilities.” And although the communications of *Rogo* and *Alonzo S.* may appear futile or puerile to the grey hairs of *Senex*, yet it may afford amusement to some juvenile minds; and these as well as *Senex* have a claim on the editor to be gratified in their turn. I would, however, beg *Senex* to understand, that I am by no means justifying the *Enigmatist*

in detailing “infantine conundrums;” (tho’ by the bye I have not observed any such in his numbers) nor can I advocate the resurrection of “an article from a two penny pamphlet,” which having existed so long ago as *Senex* was a boy; must have been dead to literary fame many years since; but my aim is to justify the editor, in fulfilling his promise to his patrons; and the more so, because I differ very much from *Senex*, as it respects the introduction of “this species of amusement.” I cannot admit with him, that while these articles are “harmless and innocent in themselves,” they are also “useless.” A juvenile amusement of this kind will frequently induce a young person to read the Repository: but were it filled with nothing but the “sound doctrine,” or even the “playful elegance” of a *Senex*, it would have but few, if any charms for many juvenile readers.—But I think I hear *Senex* reply with all the gravity of the character he has assumed—“What advantage will they derive from reading such trash?” I answer, perhaps none: but if it is a means of leading them to the adjoining page, where something more substantial is to be found, it will answer a very good purpose. But *Senex* thinks that “no person, who felt conscious of his talents for writing, and that is “qualified to amuse and instruct, would “wish to see his productions associated “with those of such extreme insignificance.” It is well for literature, and well for mankind, that every writer of talents has neither possessed the *pride*, nor professed the *delicacy* which *Senex* exhibits in this sentence. I can inform him that he will find, in most of the periodical publications of this kind in England, articles as trifling as any in the Repository, accompanied with the productions of some of the first rate talents in that country: and which are not in the least contaminated nor disgraced thereby. And further, if he will take the pains to enquire, he will find that both the *Spectator*, and *Rambler*, were at first “associated with the many insignificant articles” that appeared in a public newspaper, and consequently passed thro’ every dirty tap-room in the metropolis—and all this conferred no disgrace whatever on the authors.

As to the exhibition of young ladies names in enigmatical lists, I allow, if unauthorized, they may by some be deemed impertinent; but I have strong reasons to believe, that this was by no means an unacceptable sacrifice offered to the greater part of the fair ladies of Philadelphia.

I hope these observations will induce *Senex* to lay aside his qualms as it respects a

mixture of “sound doctrine” and “playful elegance” with the juvenile essays of the day; and that he will recollect that a diamond always shines brightest amongst pebbles.

A CONSTANT OBSERVER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

“In close debate, with reasons subtly strong,
With answers quick, and arguments not long;
On these resistless weapons we rely,
And shoot all worldly follies as they fly.”

OUR great preceptor, *Addison*, has enumerated a number of associations, or clubs, of various pursuits; but the following band of Censors, it is presumed, bears little affinity to any of them.—A few evenings ago, my friend *Dick Easy* requested my company to attend the establishment of an association for the improvement of the age. Impressed with the utility of the measure, I readily assented, and we journeyed onwards, descanting on the perverseness of the times.

Arrived at the mansion of *Criticism*, I found a few learned, and benevolent wights, whose object is to eradicate every thing light and playful, and to metamorphose the easy-thinking part of society into philosophers, had formed a circle, and were engaged in cogent disputation. A sufficient number being present, to proceed to business, *Sam Snarl* was placed in the chair;—after looking very grave, adjusting his full-bottom’d wig, and saddling his nose with a pair of green spectacles, he called *Order!*—As soon as colloquial discord ceased, *Tom Crab* rose, and addressed the President as follows:—

“We are, Sir, assembled this evening on business of the first importance: Business that ought to engage the attention and countenance of every discerning person, whose wish is to prostrate the temple of folly. The ties of society are relaxed by the innovators of frivolity. In vain, Sir, do periodical publications attempt to arrest the progress of licentiousness. These in general, often insert the very lucubrations of puerility. We, Sir, whose judgments are not to be misled by sophistry, and whose passions are not excited by superficial appearances; We, Sir, who can resist the artifice of fashion, and dispel the influence of luxury, ought to embark in this arduous contest. We, ought to become a *Court of Criticism*, and regulate the affairs of literary vehicles.—But as an association of any kind requires a name, previous to public or private incorporation, I

* See the Prospectus to the Second Volume, fourth head of the “General Outline of the Contents;” which runs thus—“*Amusing Miscellanies*; such as, Epitaphs, Epigrams, Riddles, Rebuses, Mathematical Questions, &c.”

move, that the gentlemen present, do now consider an appropriate one.

Gregory Grum rose next, and observed, "That the selection of an appropriate title, for a body so respectable, was a difficult task. Many an author, Sir," said he, "has strained his invention, mortgaged his slumbers, and even failed in the endeavour. A name must designate the society, in *name* and *fact*: the former to distinguish it, and the latter its pursuits.—It ought to be novel, to shew our powers of invention; and therefore I hope it will be known by the name of the "*Grumbling Club*."—Grumbling, Sir, according to our great Monitor, Sam Johnson, is an act of disapprobation, discontent, and displeasure. It cannot be doubted that we are displeased and discontented, and that we disapprove openly of any thing absurd, or ridiculous.—Grumblers, Sir, are characters held high in the page of history, and distinguished greatly in modern times. Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Boileau and Pope, as poets, were great satirical Grumblers at the vices of mankind. In prose the most distinguished Grumblers, were Addison, Steele, Johnson, Goldsmith, Hawkeworth and Roberts. They grumbled with great success, against the propensities of wickedness, and the delusion of credulity. Their works will present a constellation of instruction to succeeding ages. Their opinions will be firm as the axioms of Euclid, while sense holds its worth in the scales of truth: and wit its power in the cabinet of taste. On the whole, Sir, whatever opinion may be entertained by any gentleman present, I trust no affection for a name of his own conception, inferior in point of strength, beauty and novelty will actuate him to oppose the present candidate for distinction."

Senex, a noted Grumbler in the "*Repository*," rose next, and elevated himself in an oratorical attitude, which would have excited the powers of Hogarth, to a delineation. He stated as follows, (in addressing the President) "Altho', Sir, I have been so long silent, I have not been an inattentive observer of the progress of *literary intoxication*. In the "*Repository*," a paper, in which some of my pieces are sometimes honoured by insertion, there appears often infantine conundrums, and enigmatical lists of young ladies of this city. This species of amusement requires correction. The unfledged authors, who offer their productions at the Temple of Fame, deserve castigation. Several young ladies of my acquaintance, have expressed, in *my presence*, their resentment at those silly pretenders to the laurel, and 'tis our duty to check their im-

pertinence."—Here *President Snarl* interrupted, "*Senex*," and reminded him of his wandering from the question. "Well Sir, continued *Senex*, I stand corrected, and will attend your timely interposition.—The name which my honorable friend, *Mr. Grum*, has offered, I do not altogether approve. The road to fame is open to every one, but he has entirely mistaken if he conceived it possible for us to attain the pinnacle by such a title. I have a better one, Sir, one that has been used, and tried in print, and I move that the society be called "*THE TRANSIENT OBSERVING SOCIETY*." Looking on my watch I found old *never-stop* had reached the tenth hour, and as my good lady does not suffer me to be out later; & as early hours are a proof of good company, I was obliged to relinquish the pleasure of hearing the *great Senex* finish his harangue. I feel sensible of the loss I have sustained, and I doubt the reader is in the same situation. Anticipating a change for the better in our manners, and relishing any thing diverting, I shall in future devote a requisite attention to this association, and probably report again.—Farewell—"All's well that ends well."

PETER PRY.

From the Seat of Government!

PROCEEDINGS OF A FEMALE LEGISLATURE.

MATRIMONIAL BUDGET.

THE house having resolved itself into a committee of supplies and means, (for what signifies the supplies without the ways and means)—*Lady Long-much* took the chair.

Mrs. Would-be rose and spoke to the following purport:—

Mrs. President, I rise upon this occasion to express my sentiments at this very alarming crisis. We are now met in this committee, to consider of ways and means to raise the necessary supplies of husbands throughout the United States.

At a time when so many brave officers, and effective men have fallen in defending their country's rights, it behoves us to look out, and take such measures and resolutions as may seem meet, to prevent a stagnation in the rising generation, and rescue us from that odium attributed to maids who die in a state of celibacy. It therefore is the duty of every one within these walls, to exert her utmost abilities, and throw out such hints as may, in the most eligible manner, tend to remove the evil. I shall therefore, with great submission to the chair, as we are upon

this important business, propose to the committee the following resolutions:

That a tax of four shillings in the pound be imposed upon all Bachelors upwards of 35 years of age, in proportion to their estates, revenues or incomes.

That Bachelors turned of 45, shall moreover make a will, and bequeath one half of their property upon demise, (as they themselves can be of no further use while living,) for the support and relief of *distressed maidens against their wills*, in order to enable them to obtain husbands suitable to their rank and pretensions. Otherwise the said Bachelors are to be deemed to all intents and purposes old maids, and condemned accordingly, to *lead apes in hell*.

That all illegitimate children shall be pronounced the offspring of Bachelors, and that they be compelled to provide for them accordingly.

That one million of *enchancing smiles*, with a proportionate number of *captivating ogles* be immediately issued for the service of the ladies during the current year.

That 900,000 *languishing looks* be granted out of the sinking fund of beauty, to make good disappointments and deficiencies incurred last year.

That *bewitching kisses*, bearing three and a half per cent, be consolidated with *pouting tips*, and made transferable in the currency of *rapture*, at the *exchequer of bliss*.

That 600,000 husbands be raised by way of lottery, with an agreeable *docour* to the subscribers—the prizes to be paid immediately upon drawing without any deduction.

That one million necessary *blushes* and occasional sighs, be issued immediately upon the drawing of the lottery.

That all the artillery of love be properly provided for, from Cupid's board of ordinance, under the sign manual of the *Cyprian Queen*. [Fed. Gat.]

Washington, June, 1802.

The Enigmatist, No. 6.

"And while thus resolved in doubt,
He scratch'd his pate to find it out."

MODERAN

39. In what manner may a line be drawn from the centers of two circles, without touching the circumferences?

40. A vowel, a swine, and a sheep pray unite,
They will shew you a thing without fail,
Tho' the least of its species will oftentimes bite,
And carry a sting in its tail.

41. What is that which God never sees, kings very seldom, but we every day?

42. From SIX POUND take an eighth,
This strange remain you will see,
Just nine pounds will be left;
Tell me how this can be?

43. What part of a fowl is its elegy?
 44. The beginning of eternity,
 The end of time and space,
 The beginning of every end,
 And the end of every place.
 45. A Bird is sitting on a peach in my garden: I
 want that peach; but how must I procure it without
 disturbing the bird?
 46. What word in the English language contains the
 six vowels in their grammatical order?

ROGO.

The following Lines are from the Pen of HECTOR
 McNEILL, a Scottish Bard, who last year published
 two volumes of Poems, at Edinburgh—their charming
 simplicity will recommend them to every lover of real
 poetry. [Ver. Mercury.]

THE WEE THING:

OR, MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

A BALLAD.

Saw ye my wee thing? Saw ye my ain thing?
 Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
 Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming?
 Sought she the burnie whar flow'r's the haw-tree?
 Her hair, it was lint-white; her skin, it was milk-
 white;
 Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
 Red, red is her ripe lips! and sweeter than roses;
 Whar could my wee thing wander frae me?
 Saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie whar flow'r's the haw-tree.
 Her hair, it was lint-white; her skin it was milk-
 white;
 Dark is the blue o' her saft rolling ee;
 Red ware her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;
 Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me!
 It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing;
 It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
 Proud is her leel heart! modest her nature!
 She never loo'd ony, till once she loo'd me.
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary;
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee:
 Aft as your face is, war it fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to thee!
 It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary;
 It was then your true love I met by the tree;
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet ware the kisses that she gae to me.
 Air gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling ee!
 'Tis true fair, this morning, your boasts and your scorn-
 ing;
 Defend ye, fause traitor! fu' loudly ye lie.
 A w' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling—
 Aft went the bonnet; the lint-white locks flee;
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the lov'd maid with th' dark rolling ee!
 Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!
 Is it my true love here that I see!—
 Jamie, forge me: your heart's constant to me;
 I'll never more wander, dear laddie frae thee!

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 31, 1802.

Philadelphia Benevolent Society.

ON Wednesday evening the 4th of
 August, at early candle-light, a discourse
 will be delivered at the second Presbyteri-
 an church in Arch-street, by the Rev. Mr.
 Linn, for the benefit of the Benevolent Society;
 whose present funds are found to be inad-
 equate to relieve the various cases of real
 distress which are continually presented to
 the Society.

It is hoped that the Citizens of Philadel-
 phia, who have on so many occasions mani-
 fested such exalted sentiments of sympathy
 for the distressed, will not be wanting, on
 the present occasion, to lend their assis-
 tance in helping forward a work so truly
 disinterested and laudable.

In the discourse, the nature and object
 of the Society will be fully delineated.
 And when it is known that this society is
 instituted solely for the purpose of relieving
 the most distressing cases of sickness and po-
 verty, there is no doubt but humanity will
 bleed at the altar of sensibility, and freely
 dispense those tokens of affection for the
 human family, which so highly exalt the
 character of man, and which render so ac-
 ceptable a sacrifice to the Deity.

By order of the Society,

RICHARD WEVIL, Secretary.

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY,

BY MR. N. MAJOR.

Given $\begin{cases} y^2x + z^2x = 2466 \\ x^2y + z^2y = 2142 \\ x^2z + y^2z = 1950 \end{cases}$ to find x ,
 y , & z .

MARRIED—On the 24th inst. by Robert Wharton,
 Esq. Mr. Klinken Johnson, of Germantown, to Miss
 Lydia Tybout, daughter of Andrew Tybout, of this
 city.

On the 27th inst. by Peter Brown, Esq.
 Mr. George Shiras of Mountholly, to the amiable Miss
 Elizabeth Munns, daughter of Thomas Munns, inn-
 keeper of this city.

On the 27th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers,
 Mr. John Cummins, to Mrs. Catherine Kelbre, both of
 this City.

On the 29th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers,
 Mr. Jacob Tyson, to Miss Susan Evans, both of Upper
 Derby, Delaware county.

On the 29th inst. by the rev. Thomas
 Ustick, Mr. John Thaw, to Miss Eliza Thomas, both
 of this city.

DIED—On the 23d inst. Mrs. Sylvia Jones, in the
 67th year of her age, wife of the Rev. Dr. Samuel
 Jones, of Lower Dublin, Philadelphia county.

On the 26th inst. David Willis, eldest son of
 Mr. Jonathan Willis, merchant of this city.

On the 21st inst. at Cape May, where he had
 gone for the re-establishment of his health, John New-
 man, Esq. formerly chief clerk of the department of
 war, a station which he lately left, with honourable
 testimonials, for the purpose of studying the law, with
 a gentleman in Philadelphia.

At Germantown, on the 27th inst. Mrs. Huron,
 wife of Laurence Huron, of this City, in the 24th year
 of her age.

At Guernsey, lately, Sergeant Samuel M'Donald,
 aged 40, of water in his chest. He served during the
 American war, and some years afterwards was taken in-
 to the household of the Prince of Wales as Lodge porter
 at Carleton-House, and remained in that capacity until
 1793; he was then appointed a sergeant in the late
 Sutherland Fencibles, and continued to act in that corps,
 and the 43d regiment formed from it until his death.—
 He was six feet ten inches in height, four feet round the
 chest, and well proportioned. He continued active
 until his 35th year, when he began to decline. His
 strength was prodigious, but he was never known to ex-
 ert it improperly. Several considerable offers were
 made to engage him at a public exhibition, all of which
 he refused, and always disliked being stared at.

At Norwich, Eng. Mrs. Beaton, aged 88; com-
 monly called the Free Mason, from the circumstance
 of her contriving to conceal herself one evening in the
 wainscoting of a lodge room, where she learnt some of
 those secrets, the knowledge of which thousands of her
 sex have in vain attempted to arrive at. She was a ve-
 ry singular old woman, and as a proof of it, she made
 her heart the sole confidant of the secret."

Melancholy Accident.

The coach and horses, together with the coachman,
 and a son of Mr. Joseph Anthony, of this city, were
 unfortunately lost in the river Delaware, on the 24th
 inst. This distressing occurrence happened in the
 following manner, between 8 and 9 o'clock in the
 morning: The family having rode out to their country-
 seat, situated on the river, about fourteen miles from
 the city, the coachman, with Mr. Anthony's son Wil-
 liam, a promising lad of about 10 years of age, drove to
 the edge of the river, for the purpose of refreshing his
 horses and cleansing the carriage. Unfortunately, ei-
 ther from not being well acquainted with the shore,
 or from being unable to turn the horses in time, they
 got out of their depth, and in their struggles to swim,
 it is supposed entangled their feet with the harness or
 shaft, and immediately sunk. [Rel's Gaz.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

If Rogo, in his reply to Senex, (received this week) had
 confined himself to a defence of his own productions,
 it would have been published; but as he attempts
 to arraign the editor for not publishing his commu-
 nication made in Feb. last, under the signature of
 Monitor, on the subject of enigmatical lists of young
 ladies and gentlemen, and to which the ed. replied
 in No. 14, he cannot reasonably expect that indul-
 gence. The ed. again remarks, "that his judgment
 must decide when and where to stop;" and further,
 that his information, as to the propriety or improp-
 riety of what may appear in the Repository, being
 derived from the collected sense of his correspond-
 ents, as well as many of his readers, must, in gene-
 ral, be more correct than that of any individual.
 The editor, however, would have no objection to
 gratify Rogo on the present occasion, were it not
 for the impropriety of devoting so much room
 to so puerile a subject. His reply to Senex—his
 communications made in Feb.—and the explana-
 tion he perhaps expects from the editor, would occu-
 py at least two pages—This would indeed be trifling
 with a trifling subject, as well as with the reader.
 Besides he will find his own defence in the general
 remarks of a Constant Observer.

The "Milk-Maid," by Amelia, in our next.
 Tim Tinker's Essay on Drinking is inadmissible—The
 editor is always willing to encourage youthful ge-
 nius,—but never vice.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

H Y M N S.

HYMN VIII.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath laid up for them that love him.

1 Cor. ii. 9.

HEART cheering thought! away ye fading joys,
Ye unsubstantial forms, nor tempt me more;
A nobler theme my active soul employs,
I pant for sweets on the celestial shore:

Peaceful pleasures ever reign
In those amaranthine bow'rs;

Neither sin, nor death, nor pain,
Can disturb the tranquil hours
Of saints, who do the vict'ry win, and rise
To unseen glory 'bove the azure skies.

O Spirit Divine! my soaring soul illumine,
And give a taste of pure, of heav'nly joy;
Cause light and glory thro' the dark thick gloom
Of death to shine, and all my fears destroy:

Banish pining fac'd despair;
Give dependence on Thy word;—
If a son I am an heir,

Thou my Father, Friend, and Lord:
Infinite heritage! my heav'n! my boast!
I'm in the boundless pleasing prospect lost!

Shall I behold my MAKER face to face?

Bend near his throne and taste his love divine,
Surrounded by the objects of his grace,
And see his Son's unrivall'd beauties shine?

Shall my soul, divinely taught,
Soar in wisdom's god-like way,
View the works his hands have wrought,
Mark His mercy's boundless sway;

And see, and know what here we could not scan—
That all His acts are peace, good will to man?

Thro' worlds unnumber'd, all his pow'r behold,
His laws how just, his judgments all how kind?
Hear Wisdom pure, her sacred lore unfold,
And shew the nice connexions of the mind?

Shall my soul with holy joy,
Sing of love the soothing song?
"Glory be to God on high,
Praises do to him belong!"

Whilst from the earth, sea, air, and boundless skies
Shall one unceasing grateful anthem rise.

Ah! ye who run in folly's fatal way,
What pure, un fading happiness ye lose!
Whilst from the Source of light and life ye stray,
And for a toy, eternal gain refuse:

Come, O taste the sweets that flow
From your FATHER's hand on high;
Taste, and bid adieu to woe,
Sin and pain, and ev'ry sigh!

"For neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
The joys which God hath for his son's prepar'd."

X. W. T.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

A SONNET.

COME Sleep, on drowsy pinions hither bend!
Thou blest'd enchantress! hover 'round my bed,
Strew thy dull poppies 'round my aching head—
O unto me thy pleasing aid extend!

Oft have I felt thy soft and soothing pow'r,
When pain and care were strangers to my breast,
And nought depriv'd me of my peaceful rest;—
But now, repose and rest I know no more.

Now solemn darkness overspreads the skies;
The breezes faintly fan the ambient air,
And scarce a sound invades my list'ning ear,
Whilst "half the world" in peaceful slumber lies.

Come then, sweet soother of the anguish'd soul!
Lull all my cares, and all my fears control.

ORLANDO.

MOON-LIGHT.

BEHOLD yon Moon in majesty arise,
And with her lustre gild the ambient skies;
O'er all around she casts her glorious light,
And reigns triumphant empress of the night:
From her bright throne refulgent lustre sheds,
On mountains, vallies, woods, and flow'ry meads;
On the calm rivers, streams of glory play,
And light the hardy seaman on his way;
Brighten the lustre of the azure plain
And shed refulgence o'er the boundless main.
Her cheering lustre meets th' enraptur'd eyes,
And fills our bosoms with a glad surprize;
At her approach the glitt'ring star's retire,
And gild the skies with less than wonted fire...

But sudden clouds th' illumin'd skies deform,
High billows roll, and furious howls the storm;
'Midst the deep gloom tremendous thunders roll,
And forked lightnings dart from pole to pole.
But when obedient to Almighty pow'r,
The thunders cease, and lightnings dart no more,
The clouds disperse, the moon appears anew,
And glorious splendor bursts upon the view:
The parting clouds with sudden glow are bright,
And add refulgence to the arch of night:
While o'er the meads mild fanning zephyrs blow,
And all again is bright with cheering glow;
The cloudless skies are tranquil and serene,
And heav'nly splendor gilds the charming scene.

CARLOS.

GOOD-NATURE.

TO AMICUS.

Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas.

AMICUS, why with serious mein,
Regard the laughing poet's strain?
Or when dull elegy appears,
Surcharg'd with all the author's tears,
Why frown, if chance the sportive muse
Should from the poppy shake its dew?

Well hast thou thought, this playful heart
Would ne'er envenom satire's dart,

Nor to another give a pain,
For all the muses' sweetest strain.
Full often has it known to glow,
With all the luxury of woe;
And even (which I know is wrong)
Has bled, deluded by a song:
But when I'm told of "groaning trees,"
When "sighs come sobbing in the breeze,"
And *silence*' self is taught to speak,
To call the tear-drop down the cheek,
No dull Heraclitus am I,
And for my soul I cannot cry.

Amicus, have you ever been,
Where keen burlesque display'd her scene?
Where stullen gloom'd the pompous show
Of heroes sunk in deepest woe?
Nor join'd the universal roar,
When Bernard swore he'd die *no more*?
Oh! if you have—to seek relief,
Go whine in elegiac grief.

But why, in ardour for your friend,
The dang'rous Rousseau's page defend?
O rather shun his Syren-song!
For he can drag the sense along
In magic fetters; can control
The finer feelings of the soul;
And with his style enchant the ear,
'Till drest like virtue vice appear.
Then let not on the female breast,
His glowing thoughts be e'er impress;
But teach it cautiously to fly
Th' excess of sensibility,—
(That soft mimosa of the mind)
Its ruin, if too unconfin'd.

But tell me, where's the greater crime,
Indulging in the flow of rhyme,
To pen a stanza to your friend,
And shew where he his style may mend;
Than to write sonnets to the eye
Of her who gives this breast to sigh,
And (which is worth an age's toil)
Rewards her poet with a smile?

You see, good nature rules my song,
Or in these lines, which glide along
With rapid pace, I might incline
To cavil at some phrase of thine;
Or ask, what 'tis *pretences* a saint,
If meek-eyed piety can "*taint*?"
But far remov'd be such intent;
With me all's well that is well meant,
And Hudibras now fully clears,
What were not doubted—"Fancied fears!"
(Tho' ne'er till now I thought to feel
A ghost pit-"parting at my heel.")
Authorities, when other's fail,
You'll find in wanton Ovid's tale;
And as a proof of "groaning trees,"
E'en Blackmore's classic, if you please.

Amicus, fare you well!—I see
My barber waiting—if *J. D.*
Should chaunt once more his tuneful strain,
Why—Pasquin then may laugh again.

PASQUIN.